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## Poetry.

For the Mercury.

BURNS.

BY MRS. E. L. REED.

The name of Burns, how sweetly,  
It falls upon the ear,  
None know it but to love it,  
Or name but to adore.  
Mid all the birds of Scotia,  
None sang so sweet as he;  
No bird amid the willow,  
Or songster on the tree.  
'Tis singing through the highlands  
Of Caledonia's isle,  
And mid the heath-land valleys  
'Tis floating all the while.  
Its lustre never fades,  
Its brightness never clouds,  
In sunshine or in shade,  
As boundless as the ocean.  
No limit had his mind,  
By Nature's God 'twas fashioned,  
By Nature's hand refined.  
There Art had never entered,  
Simplicity and grace,  
Overflowing with emotion,  
Had found a dwelling place.  
The grass is waving o'er him,  
His voice is heard no more,  
But words thus long have uttered  
Will live forevermore.  
He's gone, no bell behind him,  
No wealth or stately home,  
His was a better heritage  
That lives beyond the tomb.

On the death of Washington, who departed  
this life Dec. 14, 1799, aged sixty-eight.  
Lamented chief! at thy distinguished death,  
The world shall gaze with wonder and ap-  
plause:  
While on fair history's page the patriot reads  
Thy matchless valor in thy country's cause.  
Yes, it was thine, amid destructive war,  
To shield its nobles from oppression's chain;  
By justice arm'd to brave each threatening jar,  
Assert its freedom, and its rights maintain.  
Mash noble statesman, husband, father, friend,  
A generous nation's grateful tears are thine;  
E'en unborn ages shall thy worth commend,  
And never-fading laurels deck thy throne.  
Illustrious warrior! on thy immortal base,  
By freedom reared, thy envied name shall stand,  
And fame, by truth inspired, shall fondly trace  
Thee, pride and guardian of thy native land.

## Useful Hints.

One of the best receipts for rheumatic gout is  
acute rheumatism.—Half an ounce of nitre (sal-  
tre), half an ounce of sulphur, half an ounce of  
oil of mustard, half an ounce of Turkey tur-  
bidity, quarter of an ounce of powdered gum  
gamboge. Mix. A teaspoonful to be taken  
every other night for three nights, and omit three  
nights, in a wine-glassful of cold water—water  
which has been well boiled.

SCRATCHES.—Trifling as scratches often seem, they  
ought never to be neglected, but should be cov-  
ered and protected, and kept clean and dry, until  
they have completely healed. If there is the least  
appearance of inflammation, no time should be  
lost in applying a large broad and water poultice,  
or hot fomentations repeatedly applied, or even leeches  
in good numbers may be put on at some dis-  
tance from each other.

How to escape adulterations, and also to de-  
tect fraudulent traders.—We are not about to  
advise the housewife to set up a chemical labora-  
tory, nor to put her husband to the expense of a  
compound achromatic microscope. Our instruc-  
tions will neither burn holes in her dress, stain  
her mahogany table, blacken her nails, make  
smoking chaps in her hands, nor fill her with  
vague ideas that she is being deceived by bon-  
dage, or that in a little while she will be crys-  
tallized over like an alum-basket. Our apparatus  
is as follows:  
A hand flour mill.  
A pebble and mortar.  
A coffee-mill.  
A pepper and spice-mill.  
Meat cutting machine.  
Scales and weights.  
Imperial measures.

PORK, SPARE-RIBS.—Joint it nicely before roast-  
ing, and crack the ribs across as lamb. Take  
care not to have the fire too fierce. It should be  
basted with very little butter and flour, and may  
be sprinkled with dried sage, fine. Takes from  
two to three hours. Apple sauce, mashed pota-  
toes, and greens are the proper accompaniments.  
Good mustard, fresh made.

USE OF LIME-WATER IN MAKING BREAD.—It has  
lately been found that water saturated with  
lime produces in bread the same whiteness, soft-  
ness and capacity of retaining moisture, as results  
from the use of alum; while the former removes  
all acidity from the dough, and supplies an  
ingredient needed in the structure of the bones,  
but which is deficient in the cerealia. The best  
proportion to use is, five pounds of water satu-  
rated with lime, to every nineteen pounds of flour.  
No change is required in the process of baking.  
The lime most effectually coagulates the gluten,  
and the bread weighs well; bakers must there-  
fore approve of its introduction, which is not in-  
jurious to the system, like alum, &c.

TREATMENT OF WARTS.—Pare the hard  
and dried skin from their tops, and then touch them  
with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, tak-  
ing care that the acid does not run off the wart  
upon the neighboring skin, for if it do, it will oc-  
casion inflammation and much pain. If this  
practice be continued once or twice daily, with  
regularity, pitting the surface of the wart occasion-  
ally, when it gets hard and dry, the wart may be  
soon effectually cured.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Peel and cut up very fine  
three onions, three turnips, one carrot, and four  
potatoes, put them into a stew pan with a quart  
of pound of butter, the same of lean ham, and  
a bunch of parsley, pass them ten minutes over a  
sharp fire; then add a good spoonful of flour, mix  
well, moisten with two quarts of broth and a  
pint of boiling milk, boil up, keeping it stirred,  
season with a little salt and sugar, and rub through  
a hair sieve, put it into another stewpan, boil again,  
skim and serve with fried bread in it.

## Selected Tale.

A FAMILY INCIDENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Mother!' cried a little girl, rushing into  
the room where a lady sat reading 'mother'  
John struck me in the face with all his  
might! Oh dear! it hurt so!

And the child pressed her hand against  
her cheek, and threw her head backward  
and forward, as if she was in great pain.

The lady's face reddened, instantly, and  
the book fell from her hand to the floor.  
There was anger in her heart against  
John, and in the blindness of her sudden  
indignation, she resolved to punish him  
with a severe chastisement. But, ere she  
reached the apartment in which her child  
had been playing, she paused suddenly  
and stood still. A timely thought glanc-  
ing through her mind, had arrested her  
steps.

'This will not do, I must control my-  
self,' she said, speaking half aloud. Then,  
after a resolute strife with her angry feel-  
ings, the mother went back to the room  
where she left her weeping child, and sit-  
ting down in her old place, said, with as  
steady a voice as she could assume:

'Agnes, let me see your cheek.'

'Oh dear, how it hurts!' sobbed Agnes,  
as she came to her mother's side, her hand  
still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed the hand, and  
examined her little girl's cheek. There  
was a red mark, as if a blow had been re-  
ceived, but no evidence of a bruise.

'Agnes,' said the mother, now speaking  
very calmly and gently, yet with a firmness  
that at once subdued the excitement of her  
child's mind, 'I want you to stop crying,  
and tell me all about this trouble with John.'

The child's tears ceased to flow, and she  
looked up into her mother's face.

'Agnes who gave the first provocation  
in this matter, you or John?'

'John struck me in the face!' replied  
the child, evincing a great deal of angry  
feelings toward her brother.

'Why did he strike you?'

Agnes was silent.

'Who saw the trouble between you and  
John?'

'Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you  
that John struck me in the face with all  
his might!'

'Tell Mary I wish to see her.'

Agnes went for her sister. When they  
returned, the mother said:

'Now, Mary, tell me all about this  
trouble with John and Agnes.'

'You saw him strike me, didn't you  
Mary?' said Agnes, with the eagerness of  
resentment.

'I will question Mary,' said the mother,  
'and while I am doing so, you, Agnes,  
must have nothing to say. After Mary  
has finished, then you can correct her  
statement if you wish to. Now, Mary,  
say on.'

'Well, mother, I'll tell you just how it  
was,' said Mary. 'Agnes was teasing  
John, and John got angry.'

'And struck his sister?' There was a  
tone of severity in the mother's voice.

'I think the blow was accidental,' said  
Mary. John declared that it was, and tried  
his best to comfort Agnes; even promising  
to give her his pet kitten, if she would stop  
crying, and not make trouble by telling  
you. But she was angry, and would not  
listen to him.'

'Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and  
then I shall know exactly how far both  
were to blame.'

'Well,' answered Mary, 'John and I  
were playing checkers, and Agnes would  
every now and then, steal up behind John  
and push his elbow when he was making  
a move. It worried him, and he asked her  
over and over again not to do so. But she  
didn't mind what he said. At last John  
pushed the board from him and would not  
play any longer. He was angry. Still Agnes  
seemed bent on annoying him. John got  
a book and sat down near the window  
to read. He had not been there long be-  
fore Agnes stole up behind him, whipped  
the book out of his hand and ran away.  
John sprung after her, and they had a  
struggle for the book, in which Agnes got  
a blow upon the face. I was looking at  
them, and I think the blow was accidental.  
It seemed so at the time, and John declar-  
ed that he did not mean to strike her.—  
That is all, mother.'

'Call your brother,' said the lady, in a  
subdued voice. John entered the room in  
a few moments. He was pale, and looked  
troubled.

'My son,' said the mother, speaking  
without apparent excitement, yet with a  
touch of sorrow in her voice, 'did you strike  
Agnes on purpose?'

The boy's lips quivered, but no answer  
came through them. He looked into his  
mother's eyes for a moment or two, until  
tears blinded him, and then he laid his  
face down upon her bosom and sobbed.—  
With love's tender instinct the mother  
drew her arm tightly round her boy, and  
there was a silence for the space of nearly  
a minute.

'It was an accident, I am sure,' whis-  
pered the mother, placing her lips close to  
the ear of her boy.

'Indeed it was!' John answered back  
with earnestness. 'My hand slipped as I  
tried to get my book from her, and it struck  
her in the face. I was sorry.'

What less could the mother do than kiss  
with ardor the fair brow of her boy, against  
whom, under the influence of anger, she  
had passed a hasty judgment. She almost  
shuddered at the thought of the unjust pun-  
ishment she had come nigh inflicting while  
blind from excitement.

'The chief blame I see, rests with Agnes,'  
said the lady, turning with some sover-  
eignty of voice and countenance towards a  
little girl, who now stood with the aspect  
of a culprit, instead of an accuser.

'It was her fault, mother,' John spoke up  
quickly. 'She loves to tease, you know,  
and I was wrong to get angry.'

'But teasing does not come from a good  
spirit,' replied the mother, 'and I am sorry  
that my little girl can find no higher en-  
joyment than the pleasure of annoying her  
brothers and sisters. I am satisfied with  
you, John, but not with Agnes; and now  
you may leave us alone.'

John and Mary went out, and left their  
mother alone with Agnes. When the lit-  
tle girl joined her brothers and sisters  
sometime afterward, she had a sober face,  
like one whose spirit was not at ease with  
itself. She had been guilty of a double  
wrong, and had come near drawing down  
upon her innocent brother an unjust pun-  
ishment. So clearly had her mother  
brought to her view that shame followed  
conviction, and she was now ready to ac-  
knowledge her fault and promise better con-  
duct in future.

But the one who profited most by this  
scene of trouble was the children's mother.  
After all was harmonized again, and she  
was alone with her own thoughts, she felt  
a heart of thankfulness for self-control,  
and prayed that she might ever possess her  
spirit in calmness. I tremble in thinking  
of the evil that would have followed a blind  
punishment of my noble hearted boy!

The following interesting extract is from  
Las Casas' Journal of the Private Life  
and Conversations of the Emperor Napo-  
leon at St. Helena:—

'Look at the United States, where,  
without any apparent force or effort, every-  
thing goes on prosperously; every one is  
happy and contented; and this is because  
the public wishes and interests are in  
fact the ruling power. Place the same  
government at variance with the will and  
interests of its inhabitants, and you  
would soon see what disturbance, trouble  
and confusion, and above all, what an in-  
crease of crimes would ensue.

When I acquired the supreme direction  
of affairs, it was wished that I might become  
a Washington. Words cost nothing, and  
no doubt those were so ready to express  
the wish, did so without any knowledge of  
times, places, persons, or things. Had I  
been in America, I would willingly have  
been a Washington, and I should have had  
little merit in so being; for I do not see  
how I could reasonably have acted other-  
wise. But had Washington been in France  
exposed to discord within and invasion  
from without, I would have defied him to  
have been what he was in America, at least,  
he would have been a fool to attempt it,  
and would have prolonged the existence of  
evil. For my own part I could only have  
been a crowned Washington.

Appropriate Passages from the Fare-  
well Address of Washington.—The unity  
of government which constitutes you one  
people, is now dear to you. It is justly  
so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice  
of your real independence; the support  
of tranquility at home; your peace abroad;  
of your prosperity; of that very liberty  
which you so highly prize.

'It is of infinite moment, that you should  
properly estimate the immense value of  
your national union to your collective and  
individual happiness; that you should  
cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable  
attachment to it; accustoming yourselves  
to think and speak of it as the palladium  
of your political safety and prosperity;  
watching for its preservation with jealous  
anxiety; discountenancing whatever may  
suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any  
event, be abandoned; and indignantly  
frowning upon the first dawning of every  
attempt to alienate any portion of our coun-  
try from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred  
ties which now link together the various  
parts.

'For this you have every inducement  
of sympathy and interest. Citi-  
zenship by birth or by choice, of a common  
country, that country has a right to con-  
centrate your affections. The name of  
American, which belongs to you in your  
national capacity, must always exalt the  
just pride of patriotism, more than any  
appellation derived from local discrimina-  
tion. With slight shades of difference, you  
have the same religion, manners, habits,  
and political principles. You have, in a  
common cause, fought and triumphed  
together; the independence and liberty  
you possess, are the work of joint efforts,  
of common dangers, sufferings and suc-  
cesses.

Extracts from the Report of the Superintendent  
of Butler Insane Asylum.—The numerical  
results of the year just closed may be stated, as  
follows:—

On the 31st of December, 1859, there were  
in the house, one hundred and thirty-five pa-  
tients,—sixty-eight males and sixty-seven fe-  
males. During the year 1860, there were ad-  
mitted fifty-eight,—thirty-three males and twenty-  
five females, making the whole number under  
care, one hundred and ninety-three.

There have been discharged, sixty-six,—thir-  
ty-three males and thirty-three females, leaving,  
in the 31st of December, 1860, one hundred and  
twenty-seven,—sixty-eight males and fifty-nine  
females.

Of those discharged, twenty-two had recov-  
ered; twenty-one had improved; eight were  
unimproved; and fifteen died.

The deaths include but two cases of recent  
attack. The rest were of persons who had been  
insane for a considerable period. Among them  
were four women, aged, respectively, 71, 77, 78,  
and 93.

I have often, heretofore, as you are aware,  
improved the opportunity afforded by this oc-  
casion, to examine some aspect of insanity from  
a practical point of view, in the hope of contrib-  
uting, though never so little, to that kind of  
enlightenment necessary to understand its na-  
ture and prevent its increase. I would fain be-  
lieve, though it requires the exercise of some  
faith, that the information will be of service to  
such as specially need the warning it conveys;  
and therefore I venture again to leave the best  
track of hospital reports, and invite you to  
follow me in the consideration of a subject, in  
which no inconsiderable portion of this and of  
every civilized community, is directly, deeply,  
and personally interested.

The hereditary character of insanity is a fact  
as firmly established as that of the propagation  
of certain other diseases by contagion. And,  
unquestionably, of all the agencies concerned in  
the production of insanity, this is the most pro-  
lific. The records of this institution show that,  
in regard to more than one-half the cases ad-  
mitted, the disease had previously appeared in  
the family.

To those who have unfortunately inherited a  
predisposition to mental disease, the course and  
conduct of life most likely to prevent its de-  
velopment must be a matter of the deepest con-  
cern. While one thus constituted should, cer-  
tainly, avoid undue anxiety on the subject, yet  
it would be an error no less serious, to ignore  
the fact altogether, and act precisely as if it did  
not exist. It would be the wiser thing, to be-  
lieve that it depends very much on himself,  
whether or not the morbid germ is developed  
into fatal activity, or kept for many years, if  
not for life, in a latent condition. Though I  
would not deny that sometimes the disease is  
developed, apparently, by no extraneous agency  
whatever, yet it is a matter of common observa-  
tion, that this result is often attributable to in-  
cidents and conditions that might have been  
avoided. There is also reason to believe that  
many persons, thus unhappily constituted, have  
warded off an attack of disease, by looking the  
evil firmly in the face, and resolutely shunning  
in their diet, regimen, habits, occupations and  
amusements, mental and bodily exercise of  
every description, whatever might be supposed  
likely to produce unhealthy excitement.

Parents who have reason to fear the exist-  
ence of hereditary mental infirmities in their  
offspring, have an additional inducement to  
watch over their health, to strengthen their  
bodily powers, and promote a happy balance of  
the various faculties of the mind.

Although insanity seldom makes its appear-  
ance in childhood, yet it can hardly be doubted  
that the initiatory step is often taken at this  
period towards the development of morbid ten-  
dencies, even when, to the superficial observer,  
everything indicates high health and a vigorous  
constitution. In the physical education of this  
description of children, it should be a prominent  
object to strengthen the nervous system,—to  
render it less excitable and increase its power  
of endurance. Whatever conflicts with this  
object, we may be sure is wrong, and nothing  
calculated to promote it should be neglected.—  
Much sedentary employment, much confine-  
ment to warm rooms, sleeping on feathers,—  
all improper enough under any circumstances,—  
are peculiarly adapted to foster susceptibilities  
to nervous disease. Under their influence,  
outward impressions are more keenly felt, ner-  
vous irritability accumulates, and abnormal  
movements are more easily induced. Attacks  
of bodily disease meet with less resistance, and  
even when apparently thrown off, leave behind  
them a diminution of the vital forces, and con-  
sequently an increased susceptibility to noxious  
agencies. On the other hand, considerable ex-  
ercise in the open air, with some disregard of  
atmospherical conditions, serves to expend the  
surplus nervous energies and thus excite a  
healthier activity in the nervous system. Upon  
no class of children does the hot-house man-  
agement operate more unfavorably than on that  
of children, do labor and exposure, properly  
regulated, prove a greater mistake than to lavish  
upon them the tenderest nursing.

Of more importance, however, than all this,  
is the mental and moral training,—or more  
strictly speaking, the education and exercise of  
the brain. This managed with paramount ref-  
erence to its health, to which, every other con-  
sideration should be subservient. This, of  
course, requires prudence and discretion, a dis-  
regard of the more attractive objects of educa-  
tion, and a superiority over the vulgar prej-  
udices so prevalent on this subject. Whatever  
habits or exercises are calculated to impair the  
mental health of any child, must necessarily fa-  
vor the growth of morbid tendencies wherever  
they exist. Errors which may be harmless to  
such as are happily organized, act with fearful  
effect upon those who have inherited a propen-  
sity to disease. The most pernicious, and at the  
same time, the most common of these errors in  
our present methods of education, is to require  
an excessive amount of study. It is curious  
how few have any other idea of the youthful  
brain, than that of a machine exempted from  
the ordinary law of wear and tear.

Children are made to study while yet too  
young. At the age of three, four or five, the  
brain has not acquired the hardihood requisite  
for study. It may then receive impression, and  
the skill of the teacher may turn them to some  
useful purpose; but any formal exercise of the  
intellectual faculties is unnatural, and, for the  
most part, unpleasant. Most young children,  
fortunately, have too little fondness for study  
to be injured by it; but there are a few, of  
precocious development, to whom it is never  
tiresome nor disagreeable. Encouraged by  
their promise, they suddenly fall and wither away.—  
It is at a later period, when the common re-  
pugnance to study is overcome by its glittering  
rewards, that the danger begins. By one mo-  
tive or another, the brain is stimulated to an  
amount of application that would be excessive  
in adult age. The requirements of teachers,  
the love of distinction, the thirst for knowl-  
edge, blunt the senses of fatigue, and the usual  
ignorance or carelessness of nature's laws ut-  
ters no warning against the danger. Six, eight,  
ten hours a day, in school or out, the mind is  
engaged in the most exhaustive exercise, and  
even the night is not given to rest. If any-  
thing is calculated to foster unhealthy tenden-  
cies, it is certainly such management as this,  
because it vitiate and weakens those energies  
on which we must chiefly rely in maintaining  
the health of the brain against the influence of  
abnormal tendencies.

(To be continued.)

Woman's Mission.—On reaching London, says  
Mrs. Mason, (a returned Missionary from India)  
I met Mrs. Ranyard the L. N. R. of the Missing  
Link and conversation with her strengthened  
my desire to provide Bible readers for the  
Toughness women of India.

It is wonderful how much God has enabled  
this self-sacrificing laborer and her friends to  
accomplish! One hundred ladies have joined  
Mrs. R. as managers or superintendents. These  
ladies select from among the poor the best wo-  
men they can find, and send them out to read  
the Bible, and sell them to their own class.—  
They have now two hundred such Bible women  
in England, Ireland, Scotland and France, and  
they are meeting with unheard of success. God  
is crowning the work with his own blessing,  
stamping upon it his unreserved approbation.  
And why? Because these laborers go forth  
armed with prayer, leaning on the strength of  
the Almighty.

Those one hundred lady superintendents are  
the engineers of this work—down below, out of  
sight, but tending the fire, watching the pres-  
sure and keeping all in motion.

They have found that lower strata, on which  
they are working, as our Savior found it, and  
have gone to work as he did, administering to  
both mind and body. Mrs. Ranyard told me  
they made soups for the 'poor' in winter, and  
sold it so low that the poorest could have his  
bowl for some trifling service, and while one  
is serving the soup others read to them por-  
tions of God's word. Then these lady superin-  
tendents have meetings every week to instruct  
their readers in the Scriptures in meekness and  
gentleness, in helping the sick, and sympathiz-  
ing with all suffering. They also pay these  
Bible women, keeping up and account with each  
individual.

This, says Mrs. M., I felt to be just the class  
of laborers we need among the Toughness wo-  
men, and sure I am that my husband and other  
laborers in India would hail such assistants  
with delight. To show you the position of wo-  
man in our Missionary field, I will relate a few  
incidents that occurred while I was laboring  
among them.

I was in the mountains one Sabbath day and  
noticed that none but men came up into the  
chapel. I enquired of the chiefs where the wo-  
men were. 'They're here,' he answered, pointing  
over to another narrow floor, about two feet be-  
low the one on which the men were seated.—  
And sure enough there they were huddled to-  
gether with their little ones and the young wo-  
men, like a timid flock of sheep in a corner. I  
immediately stepped out saying, 'I am a wo-  
man. These are my sisters. If they are to sit  
down there I shall go and sit with them.'

Upon this the chiefs in great astonishment,  
called them all to come and sit where they were.  
But the women refused declaring it was their  
custom—they did not wish to change places,  
because they must put on better dresses if they  
sat on a higher seat.

One morning while visiting some of these  
heathens I met one of uncommon powers of  
mind. The aged heathen replied, 'Don't tell  
me. I can't learn your prayer. I'm too old.—  
Your Jesus don't know me. I've worshipped  
Gandama. I've fed the priests. I've bought  
knyon. If I take another God now I shall  
fall between the two. No, no! I let alone. I  
am an old woman. If I am lost I am lost!—  
Hush! hush, she cried, as we continued plead-  
ing. Tell me not. Had I heard when young, I  
might have believed, but Loonbie! Loonbie!  
too late, too late! The scene was intensely  
thrilling. Let us not by neglecting this mission  
work send these heathen women to judgment,  
with the cry Loonbie! too late! too late!

One Drop at a Time.—Have you ever watch-  
ed an icicle as it formed? You have noticed  
how it froze one drop at a time until it was a  
foot long or more, if the water was clear, the  
icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in  
the sun; but if the water is but slightly muddy,  
the icicle was foul and its beauty was spoiled.  
Just so our characters are forming. One little  
thought or feeling at a time adds its influence.  
If each thought be pure and right, the soul will  
be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but  
if impure and wrong, there will be final de-  
formity and wretchedness.

A boy was going along the street, carrying a  
pitcher of milk, when presently he stumbled,  
and smelt went the pitcher, and away ran the  
milk. Another boy, across the way, saw the  
accident and shouted: 'Oh! won't you give it  
when you go home; your mother'll give it  
to you!' 'No she won't, neither!' screamed  
the other; 'my mother always says, "Never  
cry for spilled milk!"'

Nothing reveals to us the secrets of our own  
souls like religion.

Washington and Napoleon.—The age  
has been prolific of character, and it  
should be prolific in the lesson it conveys.  
I think a mighty moral is taught by the  
careers of Washington and Napoleon. A  
parallel between these eminent men is im-  
possible; but a comparison is easy indeed.  
To say that the former lived for others,  
and the latter solely for himself, is to say  
no more than what men see, and feel and  
acknowledge. To endeavor to magnify  
the exploits of the latter, by putting them  
in contrast with those of the former, would  
be unjust, since accident and not merit was  
at the bottom of this distinction. Let it not  
however be forgotten, that he first achieved  
all he aimed at, which was all that man  
should do; and that the last failed, from  
an incompetency of estimating his own  
powers. The error of the latter is the  
more unpardonable, since, to gross want  
of judgment, must be unworthiness of pur-  
pose; nor is it in any degree lessened by  
the circumstance that he sinned in the  
presence of so bright and so glorious an  
example. If there be any so weak as to  
believe the assertions of Napoleon that he  
fought for ought but self, let them try  
his patriotism by the same test as that of  
Washington. It is true, that in mere ex-  
tent of achievement, the hero of France  
vastly outstripped the patriot of America;  
but the latter not only wanted a theatre  
for his actions, but he was often deficient  
in means.

Merit is of a nature too comparative,  
for to be rashly reduced to results; but  
strip these men of their accidental and ad-  
ventitious advantages, and regard them  
steadily. The military career of Napo-  
leon was run in the current of prosperity,  
but while that of Washington was a con-  
stant but manly struggle against a combi-  
nation of the most adverse circumstances.  
In addition to this important fact, the one  
considered his troops as the devoted in-  
struments of his own purposes, and he used  
them accordingly; while the other looked  
on his followers not only as the sole guar-  
dians of a country to which they were de-  
voted, but as an important portion of that  
community for whose happiness he was  
contending. Napoleon was greatest in  
prosperity; but the fame of Washington is  
equal as his character.—Living.

The following is a fine picture of Wash-  
ington in his retirement.—It is from his  
own letters:—

'I am just beginning to experience the  
ease and freedom from public cares, which  
however desirable, it takes some time to  
realize; for, strange as it may seem, it is  
nevertheless true, that it was not until  
lately I could get the better of my usual  
custom of ruminating, as soon as I awoke  
in the morning, on the business of the en-  
suing day, and of my surprise on finding,  
after revolving many things in my mind,  
that I was no longer a public man, or had  
anything to do with public transactions. I  
feel as I conceive a wearied traveller must  
do, who, after treading many a painful  
step, with a heavy burden on his shoulders  
is eased of the latter, having reached the  
haven to which all the former were direct-  
ed, and from his housetop, is looking back,  
and tracing with an eager eye the meand-  
ers by which he escaped the quicksands  
and mines which lay in his way, and into  
which none but the all-powerful Guide and  
Dispenser of human events could have  
prevented his falling. I have become a  
private citizen on the banks of the Poto-  
mac; and under the shadow of my own  
vine and my own fig tree, free from the  
bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of  
public life, I am solacing myself with those  
tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier,  
who is ever in pursuit of fame—the states-  
man, whose watchful days and sleepless  
nights are spent in devising schemes to  
promote the welfare of his own, perhaps  
the ruin of other countries, as if this globe  
was insufficient for us all,—and the coun-  
troller, who is always watching the coun-  
terbalance of his prince, in the hope of catch-  
ing a gracious smile,—can have little con-  
ception. I have not only retired from all  
public employments, but am retiring with-  
in myself, and shall be able to view the  
solitary walk, and tread the path of pri-  
vate life, with heartfelt satisfaction. En-  
vious of none, I am determined to be  
pleased with all; and this, my dear friend,  
being the order of my march, I will move  
gently down the stream of life until I sleep  
with my fathers.'

Proverbs worth Preserving.—He that is  
too good for good advice, is too good for  
his neighbor's company.

Death is the only master who takes his  
servants without a character.

When pride and poverty marry, their  
children are want and crime.

He that borrows binds himself with his  
neighbor's rope.

Hasty people drink the wine of life  
scalding hot.

The firmest friends ask the fewest fa-  
vors.

Content is the mother of good diges-  
tion.

When is a sick man a contradiction?  
When he is an impatient patient.

## Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1777.

any alteration in the British encampment  
within a few days; he said there had not,  
then asked him where the commander-in-  
chief quartered; his very much surprised me  
when he answered in the town of Newport;  
I asked him if ever he went with such a  
guard as a Sergeant and ten men to the  
West part of the Island; he told me he  
had not. I again asked him if he knew of  
such a guard being detached from the  
grand parade every morning at eight o'-  
clock, he said he did. I was now very  
well convinced that part of what he had  
arose from his ignorance of the quarters.  
At eight o'clock the other boats joined us;  
I then took the officers with me on a small  
Island called Hog Island, in plain sight of  
the British encampment and shipping,  
where after we had viewed them some  
time with a glass, I thus addressed them:  
Gentlemen, the enterprise which I have  
projected, and which I want your assis-  
tance to execute is this; to go on to the Is-  
land of Rhode, surprise General Prescott  
at his own quarters, and bring him prison-  
er to the main. The officers who know  
nothing of my intention, seemed somewhat  
surprised. I gave them all the intelligence  
which had been obtained, the situation of  
the house where the General quartered—  
the part each must act—and in short ev-  
ery particular of the projected enterprise;  
the officers then very readily consented to  
what I proposed.

After giving them the most solemn  
charge not to communicate to any one the  
least hint of our enterprise, we returned to  
Bristol, where we stayed till the sixth, at  
night, when about 9 o'clock P. M., we em-  
barked, and crossed Narragansett Bay,  
landed on Warwick Neck, from whence  
we went to take our departure for the  
Island. On the seventh the wind came  
into the ENE, which brought on a storm,  
and retarded the execution of the plan.—  
On the eighth the weather was fair, but  
there were several new obstacles which  
hindered our going. The next day being  
the 9th the weather was promising, every-  
thing appeared to invite us to the enter-  
prise. The boats were now numbered and  
every one assigned his boat and seat; to  
every boat there was one commissioned of-  
ficer, besides one with me. I directed the  
commanding officer of the post at the shore  
to keep a good look out, and if he should  
hear three distinct muskets, to come on to  
the North end of Providence to take us off,  
for we had reason to fear that the men of  
war would send out their boats and cut us  
off from the main. We were now come to  
our boats, that I went in was posted in the  
front with a pole about 10 feet long, and  
an handkerchief tied to the end, so that my  
boat might be known from the others, and  
that none might go before it. We went  
between the Islands of Providence and Pro-  
vidence, in order that the shipping that lay  
against Hope Island might not discover us.  
We rowed under the West side of  
Providence till we came to the South end,  
when we heard the enemy on board the  
ships cry out all's well; when we were  
within about three quarters of a mile of R.  
Island, we heard a great noise like the run-  
ning of horses; this threw a consternation  
over the minds of the whole party, but no  
one spoke, as I had given the most posi-  
tive orders not to have given one syllable uttered.  
Thinking on the matter for a moment, I  
was sure that the enemy could not have  
the least knowledge of our designs, and con-  
cluded, it must be horses running as they  
often do.

We now pushed for the shore; there  
was a man left to each boat to keep them  
ready for a push, for we expected that the  
enemy might try to impede our retreat;  
the party being now ready, we marched  
with the greatest silence, in five divisions,  
to the house where the General quartered;  
the entrance into it was by three doors, the  
south, the east and the west. The first  
division was to attack the south door, the  
second the west, the third the east, the  
fourth to guard the road, the fifth to act in  
emergencies. We left the guard house on  
our left, and on our right was a small house  
where a party of Light Horse quartered in  
order to carry orders from the General to  
any part of the Island. When we opened  
the gate of the front yard, the sentinel who  
stood about twenty-five yards from us hal-  
loed who comes there? We gave no answer,  
but continued marching on; there being a  
row of trees between us and the sentinel,  
he could not well discover our number; he  
again halloed who comes there; we answer-  
ed friends; friends advance and give the  
countersign. I spoke as though in a great  
passion, and said we had no countersign,  
have you seen any deserters to night! This  
had been previously contrived as a decoy,  
which had the desired effect; for before he  
suspected us to be enemies, we had hold of  
his musket, told him he was a prisoner, and  
if he made the least noise he should be in-  
stantly put to death. We asked him if  
General Prescott was in the house. He  
was so frightened, that at first he could not  
speak; but at last with a faltering voice,  
and waving his hand towards the house, he  
said yes. By this time each division had



FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 22, 1907.

By Missouri the Disunionists have received  
 a check. At the election on Monday last

ment if called on to serve against the South.—One of the Colonels of one of the important regiments, in reply to an inquiry, said that no

ordinance, authorizing the payment therefrom of certain United States Government drafts, to the amount of \$483,382. This is about one-half of the amount raised, and is payable, the

the California Almaden case in his favor, is worth four millions of dollars.

On the change of Administration, March 4th,

Mrs. Lieut. Slemmer reached her home, Nor-

COMMODORE TATNALL, United States Navy, will resign his commission, and tender his services to the State of Georgia.

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